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"Thru' fur ye, Pether; no one knows what's afore him in the mornin'; little fear but ids the young id go—there's Lucause bockagh (lame Luke) that'd be no loss, an' shure he wasn't tuk, glory be to ye, sweet Saver," and Nelly gave three distinct knocks on her bare breast with her clenched hand, while with the other she reached a pipe to the girl, adding—"Judy, alanna, run an' put a bit iv a coal in the pipe, the heart is sore widin me."

All this time the smith and his wife were in consultation at the door, she rocking backwards and forwards; at length they seemed to agree, for she called—"Here, Judy Casey, why but ye go in an' ready the house, sorra good ye'll do stanin' there. Ah, boys, dear, isn't it a wondher but one iv ye steps over for Nancy Gilaspy—Lord comfort her sore heart the day. An' shure another of yees ought to run for the corner, an' not let the poor boy, God rest his sowl, be lyin' an' the ground all night."

Having issued all these orders in a breath, she turned to Mary Carr, who had sunk on the chair, almost unconscious of what was passing round her, so much had she been terrified. The hostess came close to her, saying, "Ah, thin, that was an unlucky man that cum a near my poor cabin the day, Lord reward him." Mary enquired whether any person was hurt. "Hurted?" exclaimed Mrs. Vulcan—"hurtud ye say?—faix, there's a dacent mother's son kilt, an' the like never happened at one dour wid me afore."

"Are you quite certain he is killed?" said Mary.

"Seein' 's bleevin'," replied the other, catching Mary's arm, and dragging rather than leading her to where the body lay, surrounded by the people, Nelly smoking and talking vehemently. Mary, on not perceiving Paddy, gained more presence of mind, and said, "Why don't you stop the blood?"

"There's no use in id an' he dead," replied Nelly, with a deriding sneer.

But Mary was not deterred; she prevailed on the smith's wife to get cold water and cloths to stop the blood, Nelly all the while growling, "Don't make a fool of yourself, Hetty, sorra dhrop in him more nor a stone."

On cleansing the wound it appeared little more than a scratch. They bathed his face plentifully with cold water, and raised his head to the air; still Nelly said—"Let to yer nonsense, the boy's kilt out and out, he'll never stan' on the green grass agin."

However, in a short time, to Nelly's utter amazement, the young man was restored to animation, and was walking towards the house, when his mother rushed up, like a person deranged, followed by men, women, and children. The young man was not injured; the ball slightly grazed his neck, the shock of which, and extreme terror, deprived him of animation. Many were the exclamations of the crowd on Mary's cleverness, and Nelly was loudest in accusing him of being so weak as to be killed by such a trifle.

When Willy Dolan had left the house, as before mentioned, he went to where the aperture that gave light to the room opened. In fact, he was smitten by the beauty of Mary, and thought, "iv she run away afore, maybe she'll cum wid me." Mary was leaning with her face at the window, and in tears; she was almost in despair, and did not move on seeing him. He said—"Don't cry, Miss, don't be afeard, yer people wont be angry now yer goin' back agin."

"My people!" exclaimed Mary. "What do you mean?"

"Spake asy," said Dolan—"arn't ye goin' back to yer frinds, ather runnin' away from them?—but never heed, ye're not the first that done the like, an' no one 'll cast it up to ye."

"And is this the story the villain invented to destroy me," cried Mary; and in a few words she gave an account of the real state of the case. Such is the force of truth, and perhaps coming with more force from the lips of a beautiful girl, that Dolan gave implicit credit to every word, and exclaimed—"Well, well, the thief iv the world, I knew he wasn't good—he'll pay for this," then, after a short pause, he added, "Iv ye'll depind on me, Miss, I'll do my best to help ye."

"There's something in your face that tells me you will

not deceive a poor girl; I will depind upon you, and may God reward you as you deal with me. Only I trusted in God I wouldn't be able to speak to you now, praise to him, he helped me to go through last night."

"May I never sin, iv I could desave any girl, an' ye above all the world," in saying so Willy Dolan's fine face was lighted up with a glow of honest affection; he continued, "When they want to put ye up behind the villen agin, go quitely (quietly) to the dour, ax the boys to help ye, an' lave the rest to me; I must be goin' now." He then went among the young men, and put them up to the rescue, which, as has been seen, was happily effected.

We are limited, and therefore cannot dwell much longer on the affairs of the interesting Mary Carr. It was determined she should proceed back to her parents, accompanied by Willy Dolan, of whom Mrs. Vulcan said—"An' ye needn't be afeard, dear, to go wid Willy Dolan, sorra quiter nor dacent boy in the country, for discreetness an' modesty."

However, before the horse could be got, Mary was overjoyed by the appearance of her father and some of his neighbours. Peggy, on seeing the distraction of Mary's parents when she was missed, repented, and acknowledged her share in the transaction. In consequence, a pursuit was instituted, and, happening to take the same road, they intercepted Paddy in his flight from the smith's, which led to the discovery of Mary.

Paddy was tried at the assizes, and punished for his part in the abduction of Mary Carr; and, in the end, she was married to Willy Dolan. W.

SEAL OF ST. PATRICK'S CATHEDRAL, DUBLIN.



The above is an exact representation of the Seal of the chapter of the cathedral church of Saint Patrick's, Dublin. It is the size of the original seal, and a correct copy; the device appears to be taken from the barren fig tree; in the upper part are the royal arms, France and England, quarterly—the date 1574, and the badges of the house of Tudor—the rose and portcullis; the base is occupied by the bust of a bishop placed in a tabernacle or pulpit, on the dexter an escutcheon, containing, per pale, a saint or bishop and a plain cross, probably the ancient arms of the cathedral; and on the sinister side, the arms of the bishopric of Dublin, impaled with those of the then bishop: on a scroll encircling the

head of the figure, in the chief device is the motto, *Noli Altum Sapere*.—Be not high minded : and round the seal is the inscription in ancient roman characters, *SIGILLVM COMMVNE CAPITVLI ECCLESIE CATHEDRALIS SANCTI PATRICII DVBLINIE*.

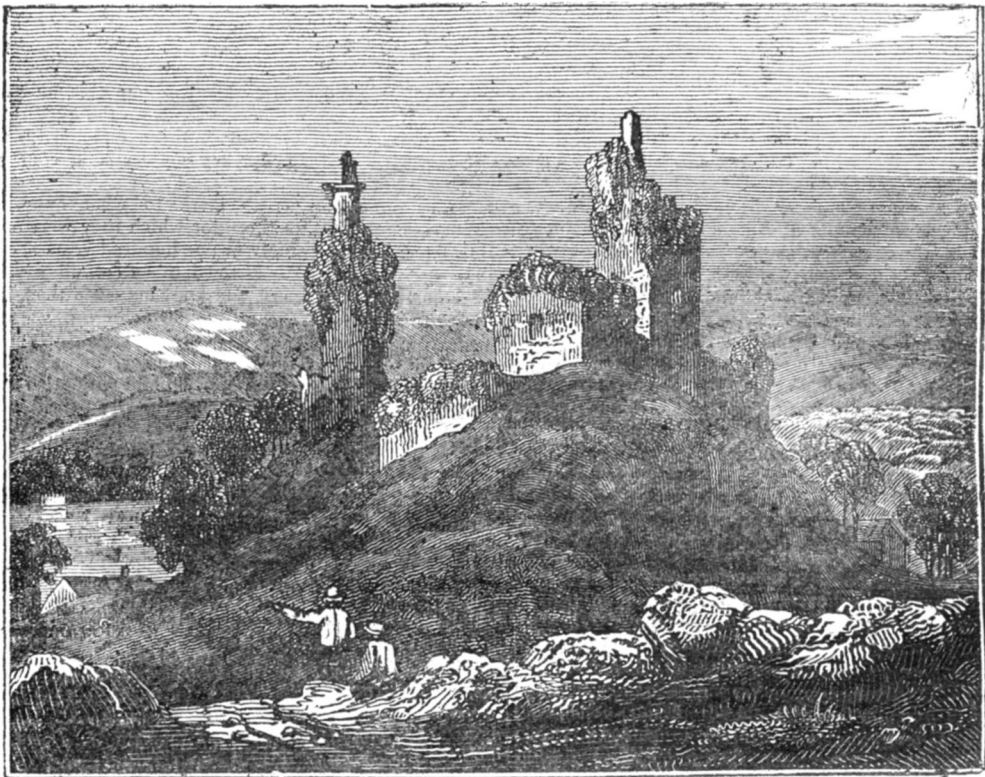
The following concise history of St. Patrick's is from Malton's Views in Dublin, A. D. 1794 :—

"Saint Patrick, the great Irish apostle, after breaking up the synod held in Armagh, in the year 448, is said to have travelled towards Leinster, and came to Dublin, then known by the name of Bally-aith-claath, where in a fountain of fine water he baptized the people, and Alpin the son of Cochaid, king of the place, near which fountain he built a church called after him ; on the foundation of which, the present pile of building was erected by John Comyn, archbishop of Dublin, A. D. 1190, who succeeded the gallant Laurence O'Toole, Prelate of Dublin. In this cathedral archbishop Comyn placed thirteen prebendaries, which number was afterwards increased to twenty-two. This church was collegiate in its first institution and erected into a cathedral, about the year 1225, by Henry de Londres, successor to archbishop Comyn, united with the cathedral of the Holy Trinity, Christ's Church, Dublin, into one spouse, saving unto the latter the prerogative of honour. William Fitz Grey was constituted first dean of it, and a chanter, chancellor, and treasurer were appointed, and lands and rectors allotted, conformable to the rules of the church of Sarum. The

chapter of this church is composed of 26 members, of which number the prebendary of Cullen is united to the archbishopric, and the revenues of Tymothan were swallowed up and became lay fee in the time of archbishop Loftus, the title still remaining.

The see of Dublin was united to that of Glandelagh, in the year 1214, which union still subsists, and both at that time were divided into ten deaneries ; at present there are 12. This see was very largely endowed, when John Comyn was archbishop ; it was possessed of 37 manors, besides endowments in England confirmed by king John, and different popes, particularly in Staffordshire, which continue, as to right, in the archbishopric of Dublin to this day ; the archbishop of Dublin was anciently of the king's privy council in England, and had the right of a prince Palatine in his own liberties. His seneschal holds his court in Kevin-street, a little to the east of the cathedral."

The question of precedence between the sees of Dublin and Armagh, had been agitated for centuries with the greatest violence, and both pleaded authority in support of their pretensions ; it was at length determined in 1552, that each should be entitled to primatial dignity, and erect his crosier in the diocese of the other. That the archbishop of Dublin should be titled the "Primate of Ireland ;" while the archbishop of Armagh should be styled with more precision, "Primate of all Ireland," which distinction continues to the present day.



CARRIGALINE CASTLE.

Six miles from Cork, on the Onbouy river, (so called from the peculiar yellowish colour which its waters assume during the winter) is situated in the village of Carrigaline. Though now a place of no great importance, it was once apparently destined to rank higher. The first Earl of Cork, out of pique to the Corporation of that City, (who felt so suspicious of him, as to enter in their council books a law, that no citizen should sell any lands or estate to that nobleman) proposed to build at Carrigaline a town to rival Cork, over which it should have had the advantage of being much nearer to the sea ; and had so far proceeded as to have marked out the ground plan of a very extensive city. The rebellion of 1641 put a stop to the undertaking, and it was finally abandoned on the death of the Earl.

Carrigaline was one of the many parishes with which the College of Youghal was endowed at its foundation, but in these, our times, has no connexion whatever with it.—The parish church, though of small dimensions, is a very chaste specimen of Gothic architecture, and was lately built by G. R. Pain, Esq.

Near the west end of the church is a tomb of the Newenham family ; it was ornamented with a number of figures, designed in good taste, but owing to the frail material in which they were executed, (lead) and the neglect of those who were most interested in its preservation, it has been so battered and bruised, that little more than the inscription now remains to be admired.

Close by the church is the ruined castle, more interesting from its picturesque appearance than from any archi-